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MR. JOHN THEODORE TUSSAUD.

WAXWORKS AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. JOHN THEODORE TUSSAUD.

By Norman Nagromi.

'Mine eye doth his effigies witness most truly limned,' were the words of Shakespeare that came back to me as I walked with Mr. John Theodore Tussaud through the celebrated galleries of the waxwork exhibition in the Marylebone Road. Much interested and amused with all I had seen, I at length, with my conductor, entered his private sanctum.

'Could you give me a brief history of your exhibition?' I began, as soon as we were seated.

'We can claim,' answered Mr. Tussaud, 'to have been established over one hundred years, as it was prior to the French Revolution of 1789 that we had an exhibition in Paris. It was not, however, until the year 1802 that my great-grandmother came to London, and located her show upon the site now occupied by the Lyceum Theatre. Later she removed to Blackheath, then the residence of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Charlotte; then to the Hanover Square Rooms. From there a most successful tour of the provinces was made, and upon her return to London the exhibition found a permanent abode in Baker street, where it remained, as you probably know, from 1833 until 1884, when it was removed to this building.

Madame Tussaud (at that time Marie Gresholtz), who had been taught the art of modelling in wax by her uncle, M. Curtius, at the commencement of her career was sent to Versailles, in order to give lessons to Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the king, who, with her royal brother, was destined afterwards to suffer death by the guillotine—a fate which also awaited many of the fair pupils then being taught by Marie Gresholtz.

All through the terrible revolution of 1789 she remained in Paris, being frequently called upon to model the newly-severed heads of the victims of that remorseless engine of vengeance, the guillotine. It fell to her lot to portray in wax the features of the Princess de Lamballe after execution, and it was her nimble fingers that executed from life the counterfeit presentments of those hateful wire-pullers of the revolution—Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. It was not long ere the youthful modeller herself fell under the suspicion of 'The Committee of Public Safety,' who imprisoned her, her companion in misfortune being the celebrated beauty, Madame de Beauharnais, who was destined to become the Empress Josephine.

Madame Tussaud's son, Francis, under the tuition of his mother, for a long time modelled the figures for the exhibition, as did his son, and my father Joseph Randall Tussaud, and as I do now. Both my father and myself have exhibited in the Royal Academy, so that you see the art, with its secrets, has descended from one generation to another.'

THE ORIGINAL MADAME TUSSAUD.

'Do you consider that your exhibition is the largest of its kind in the world?' was my next query.

'Without hesitation,' answered Mr. Tussaud; 'by far and away the largest.'

We have now on exhibition over 500 figures. We have not, and never have had, what we consider a rival in this country, or any other. Of course, in Paris there is "The Musee Grevin;" in Brussels, "The Musee Castan;" and in New York, "The Eden Museum," I think it is called; but all these are small exhibitions in comparison with ours.'

'Can you describe the process of constructing a figure? Of course, I don't want you to divulge any secrets,' I remarked.

Mr. Tussaud smiled. 'The heads,' he explained, 'are, first of all, modelled either from life, photos, or sketches from life, in clay. To get the portrait I have to model them with the hair. This, when I am satisfied with the portrait, is removed. A coating of plaster-of-paris is then placed over the clay head, which forms a mould from which the wax head is eventually cast. The real hair is then carefully put in, sometimes one hair at a time, with sharp instruments. Then the coloring of the face is laid on, the glass eyes having been previously fixed. The bodies are also completely set up in clay, from which a mould is taken, and the figure is cast in a composition of our own. Then there are the hands. As much care is taken in producing these as in the case of the heads, and they are frequently taken from life. You will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that the mould for a pair of hands sometimes consists of no fewer than thirty separate pieces. All these moulds are carefully labelled with the names of their owners and stored away, so you see there is no chance of, say, Mr. Gladstone getting Lord [illegible]'s hands, or *vice versa*. The hea[illegible] all carefully labelled and put away for future use,' and Mr. Tussaud showed me a room containing some twelve hundred of these casts, each carefully carved with the name of its representative.

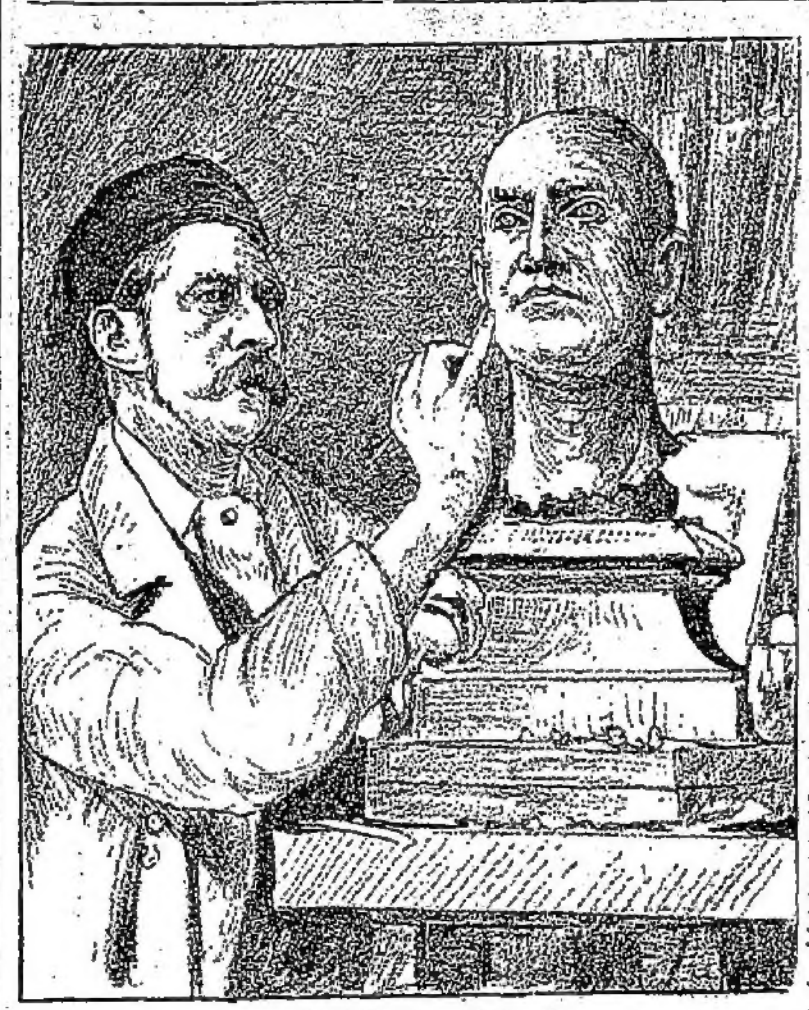
'Every figure in the exhibition,' continued Mr. Tussaud, 'has to be cleaned and re-colored once in six weeks, and to be wholly renewed every seven years. The costumes, when done with, are of little or no use, the action of the air, combined with dust, rendering them almost rotten. When completed and dressed ready for show each figure weighs from one hundredweight to one hundredweight and a half. It takes about three weeks from the commencement to finish a model outright, but working day and night at high pressure I have completed one in three days.

'It is an interesting fact that the figure of Sir Walter Scott was modelled from life by Madame Tussaud whilst in Edinburgh, and met with the great novelist's entire approbation. The figure of Byron was also modelled from life in Italy.'

'We pride ourselves,' said Mr. Tussaud, 'upon the manner in which we dress our figures, and the accuracy of all costumes we vouch for. To begin with, we have a small army of skilled dressmakers, and all our uniforms and costumes are made upon the premises. You shall see the workrooms presently. The most expensive costume we ever turned out was one worn by the Empress Eugenie in the zenith of her career; that costume cost us not one farthing less than £650 to produce. All the court dresses worn by figures in the Royal groups, upon an average, cost over £100 each. I will tell you a fact that is probably unknown to most people, that every figure in our exhibition is completely clothed from head to foot; all have their entire suit of underclothing, otherwise it would be impossible to make the costumes sit naturally upon the models. Of course we are constantly obliged to change our costumes, more especially those of the ladies, to keep up to date with fashion.

As to the jewellery, the larger stones are

THE PRESENT MADAME TUSSAUD.



MODELLING A HEAD.

all made of the very best French paste set in silver, and frequently in gold, the smaller gems, such as small pearls, onyx, amethysts, cairngorms, etc., are all for the most part real. The ladies have to be redressed once a year, and the gentlemen once in three years.

'How do you protect the figures from the dirt and dust?' I inquired.

'Directly the exhibition is closed every figure is covered in a soft white wrapper, and a very ghostly effect it has, I can tell you. From five o'clock in the morning a band of attendants is admitted by one of the night watchmen, and they commence to uncover and dust the figures preparatory to the admission of the public at ten o'clock; In one way and another our staff numbers not far short of one hundred.'

'Have you ever had any figures damaged by the public?' I asked.

'Only by accident,' answered Mr. Tussaud; 'But I will tell you a curious fact. We frequently have applications from people asking our permission to be allowed to place flowers before certain figures; a lady came here at regular intervals for years, and placed wreaths of violets by the effigy of the Emperor Napoleon III. Then people ask to be allowed to present figures with gifts of jewellery. Some time ago the figure of Michael Davitt was presented with a handsome diamond ring by an admirer; but it was not long before another admirer removed it, finger and all,' said Mr. Tussaud, laughing.

That the Chamber of Horrors is very popular, is shown by the fact that three-fourths of our patrons pay the extra charge for admission to the chamber. The name by-the-by, we owe to our humorous friend, 'Mr. Punch.'

You would be surprised at the numberless mournful relics offered to us almost daily. As far as relics go, I think we may claim to have a unique collection, the authenticity of every one of which we can vouch for. The most extraordinary of those, I think, is the original guillotine, purchased from Sanson, the grandson of the famous French executioner. It was this machine that decapitated the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, besides many thousands of other victims of the Revolution.'

'Can you tell me how many persons pass your turnstiles in the course of a year?'

'I cannot give you the exact figures, but I know we have had as many as half a million visitors in a year.'

'Please tell me, Mr. Tussaud, anything you can remember of interest in connection with celebrated people who have visited your exhibition. Does Royalty patronize you?'

'I think I can say without hesitation,' answered Mr. Tussaud, 'that almost every member of the Royal family has been here at some time or another. Although Her Majesty the Queen has not visited us since her coronation, to my knowledge, I believe she was a frequent visitor before that time; other members of the Royal family often come, paying their entrance fees and frequently walking through the galleries unrecognized. The Duke and Duchess of Teck we had here only a short time ago, and they were seen to regard their own, and the effigies of their illustrious relatives with much interest and amusement. The Duke and Duchess of Fife, whose residence in Portman Square is hard by, often visit us. The Czar, Nicholas I, of Russia, when in England, visited our exhibition in my father's time. His Imperial Majesty expressed himself dissatisfied with his likeness, and upon his return to Russia forwarded an excellent portrait of himself to my father. The great Duke of Wellington, who always said he considered our show "the most entertaining place in London," would often come and have lengthy chats with my great grandmother. Poor President Garfield found time to visit us during his short stay in London, and expressed, in the diary he left behind after his death, how much he was amused by all he saw. Then Dickens and Thackeray were constant visitors, as are a host of other literary and artistic men of the present day—in fact, I may say that members of every creed and denomination patronize our exhibition. I remember a well-known divine telling me he would rather bring his children to our show than take them to any other place of entertainment in London. But I don't suppose they visited the Chamber of Horrors.'

'I don't want to task your good nature too much, Mr. Tussaud,' I remarked; 'but can you recall any anecdotes or peculiar occurrences that have taken place in your exhibition?'

'Of course,' he answered, 'many curious incidents occur almost daily. I will try to remember one or two for you. Ah! here is rather a funny one. I recollect my father telling me that at the time when crinolines were in vogue, an extremely portly lady, with an extremely large crinoline, tendered her shilling for admission, and with the utmost difficulty was passed through the somewhat narrow turnstile. After she had proceeded a short distance the attention of one of the attendants was attracted by an unusual clatter in her vicinity, and upon going near to ascertain the cause he was astonished to see two diminutive children emerging from beneath the good lady's hoops.'

The exhibition is now the property of a small limited company, of which Mr. Edwin J. Poyser is managing director, whilst absolute control of the artistic arrangements is in the able hands of Mr. John Theodore Tussaud.

This form of amusement seems yearly to increase in popularity, and deservedly so, as there are few places of entertainment in the United Kingdom that are so ably managed, and where so much harmless but instructive diversion can be obtained, as Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition. —*From the Woman at Home.*

FIGURE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20, 1894.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.—Ex. 2:1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I will deliver him, and honor him.'—Psalm 91:15.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ex. 2:1-10.—The Childhood of Moses.
T. Matt. 2:1-10.—The Child Jesus.
W. Acts 3:14-26.—A Prophet like unto Moses.
Th. Psalm 121:1-8.—The Lord is thy Keeper.
F. Psalm 124:1-8.—The Lord on our Side.
S. Psalm 12:1-18.—Help Sought.
S. Psalm 27:1-14.—Deliverance Looked For.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Hidden in the Home. vs. 1, 2.
II. Adopted by the Princess. vs. 3-6.
III. Nursed by the Mother. vs. 7-10.

TIME.—B.C. 1571, under the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen, Pharaoh's capital, Zoan, being in the north-eastern part of Egypt.

OPENING WORDS.

The Israelites continuing to increase in numbers, Pharaoh resolved to take stronger measures to check their growth. He commanded all the male children to be destroyed as soon as born. Moses was born while this command was in force. How his life was preserved we learn from this lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *A man....a daughter of Levi*—Amram and Jochebed. (See ch. 6:20.) 2. *A son*—not her first-born; Aaron and Miriam were older than Moses. 3. *An ark*—a kind of cradle or basket. *Bulrushes*—probably the papyrus, a thick, strong and tough reed. *Slime*—Nile mud. *Pitch*—mineral tar. *Flags*—reeds found along the Nile in ancient times. Nile boats are now made water-tight with mud and tar. Is. 19:6, 7. 4. *His sister*—Miriam, probably then about ten or twelve years old. *To wit*—to know. 5. *To wash*—the Nile was a sacred river and it was considered an act of piety to bathe in it. 6. *Had compassion*—God put it into her heart to pity the weeping babe. 7. *His sister*—Miriam. 8. *The child's mother*—her faith led her to hide the child (Heb. 11:23), and God rewarded her faith by giving him back to her. 10. *Her son*—adopted as her own child. Acts 7:21, 22. *Moses*—from a Hebrew word meaning 'to draw out.'

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How had Pharaoh afflicted the Israelites? What was his object? What cruel command did he give? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. HIDDEN IN THE HOME. vs. 1, 2.—Who was born at this time? To what tribe did his parents belong? What were their names? What kind of a child was he? What did the mother first do with him? How long was he hidden in the home?

II. ADOPTED BY THE PRINCESS. vs. 3-6.—Where did the mother afterward hide him? What did she prepare for him? How did she make it water-tight? What river is meant? Who watched the child? Who besides Miriam? Who came to the river? For what purpose? How did the Egyptians regard the Nile? What did the princess do when she saw the ark? What occurred when the ark was opened?

III. NURSED BY THE MOTHER. vs. 7-10.—Who spoke to the princess? What did she offer to do? How was she answered? Whom did she call? To whose care was the child given? With what command? How do you suppose the mother obeyed the command? What became of the child when he grew up? What name was given him? Whose son did he become? How was he educated? Acts 7:22.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God loves and cares for children.
2. Sisters can be of service to their brothers; they can watch over them.
3. Daughters can be helpful to their mothers.
4. Men cannot kill one whom God wishes to save.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who were the parents of Moses? Ans. Amram and Jochebed.
2. What law was in force when he was born? Ans. Pharaoh had ordered that all the male children of the Israelites should be slain.
3. What did the mother of Moses do with him? Ans. She put him in an ark of bulrushes, and left it in the flags by the Nile.
4. Who found him and adopted him as her son? Ans. The daughter of Pharaoh.
5. Who was employed as his nurse? Ans. His own mother.

LESSON IX.—MAY 27, 1894.

MOSES SENT AS A DELIVERER.

Ex. 3:10-20.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Fear thou not; for I am with thee.'—Isa. 41:10.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ex. 2:11-25.—Moses in Midian.
T. Ex. 3:1-20.—Moses Sent as a Deliverer.
W. Acts 7:17-36.—The Voice of the Lord.
Th. Ex. 4:1-17.—The Assuring Signs.
F. Ex. 4:18-31.—The Message to Pharaoh.
S. Ex. 5:1-23.—The Message Rejected.
S. Ex. 6:1-13.—The Lord's Promise Renewed.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Moses Called. v. 10.
II. Moses Assured. vs. 11-15.
III. Moses Instructed. vs. 16-20.

TIME.—B.C. 1491, when Moses was eighty years old.

PLACE.—Mount Horeb, or Sinai.

OPENING WORDS.

The life of Moses is divided into three periods, each containing forty years: 1. His life in Egypt; 2. His life in Midian; 3. His life as the leader and lawgiver of Israel. All that is known of the first two periods is recorded in the first three chapters of Exodus. They were to prepare him for the great work of the third period, which begins in this lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

10. *Come now therefore*—thus the Lord calls Moses to begin his great work. 11. *Who am I*—he felt himself unfit for the work. 12. *I will be with thee*—Moses could do the service required of him, because God would be with him. *A token*—a sign that God sent him. *Serve God*—receive his commands and worship him. (See Ex. 19 and following chap.) 14. *I Am hath sent me*—I Am, as a name, implies eternal existence, the source of all other life. 15. *The Lord God of your fathers*—the I Am of the preceding verse is here called Jehovah. 16. *The elders*—the rulers, those who bore authority over the others. 20, *I will stretch out my hand*—will exert my power to help and save.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why did Moses flee from Egypt? Where did he go? How long did he live in Midian? What did he do there? What was the condition of the Israelites all this time? To what place did Moses lead his flock? How did the Lord appear to him there? What did the Lord say to Moses? Title? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. MOSES CALLED. v. 10.—What had the Lord seen and heard? How did he regard the affliction of Israel? What purpose did he reveal? To what kind of a land would he lead his people? What nations were then in Canaan? Why were they to be dispossessed? To whom had the Lord promised the land? (Study vs. 6-9.) To what work was Moses called?

II. MOSES ASSURED. vs. 11-15.—How did Moses receive this call? Of what did God assure him? What is said in Rom. 8:31? What token was promised Moses? How was this promise fulfilled? What did Moses say? v. 13. What did the Lord reply; v. 14. What further was Moses directed to say to the children of Israel?

III. MOSES INSTRUCTED. vs. 16-20.—Whom was Moses instructed to gather together? What was he to say to them? What was he instructed to say to the king of Egypt? How did the Lord say this request would be received? How would the Lord compel him to let Israel go?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God chooses his servants and prepares them for their work.
2. God sees our sorrow, feels for us, and will help us.
3. God is infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.
4. God will take care of his people and deliver them from their enemies.
5. God's presence with us will enable us to do what he commands.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did the angel of the Lord appear to Moses at Horeb? Ans. In a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush.
2. What did the Lord call Moses to do? Ans. The Lord called him to lead Israel out of Egypt?
3. What assurance did the Lord give him? Ans. Certainly I will be with thee.
4. What was he to say to the children of Israel? Ans. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto you.
5. What assurance did the Lord send to the elders of Israel? Ans. I will bring you out of the affliction of Egypt unto a land flowing with milk and honey.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHILDREN AT TABLE.

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

My heart goes out in smypathy to mothers whose visits are spoiled by the bad behavior of their children at table. Many a time I have forgotten ruined table-cloth and broken dishes in sympathy with the discomfiture of mothers as they witnessed the bad behavior of their children. Of course they always say 'They behave so much worse when away from home.' That may sometimes be the case, but does not the real fault lie with the mother in not teaching her children 'company manners' at home?

A mother with her three little boys recently dined with me. As they belong to a humble station in life, I concluded that they would be wholly lacking in table manners, so I prepared for them by putting large napkins under their plates and a crumb-cloth under the table.

The boys were strangers to me, but they at once won my heart by their gentlemanly manners. The youngest was five, and small of his age, but he was quite as manly as his oldest brother, who was eight.

Though the dining-room door stood invitingly open while dinner was being prepared, those children seemed utterly unconscious of it, never once whispering to their mother—for the benefit of their hostess—'I'm hungry.' When dinner was announced they stood back and waited for the older ones to pass out, and then quietly took the places assigned to them. They showed no eagerness to be served, and were marvels of good behavior while eating. Indeed few grown people could excel the good breeding they showed from the beginning to the end of the meal. I blushed for those unnecessary napkins under their plates, for they were spotless when they arose from the table.

I was so charmed with those children that a little later I asked their mother to let them visit me alone, for I wanted to become better acquainted with them. I will admit that I also had a curiosity to see how they would behave without their mother's eye upon them.

They came; and the second visit was but a repetition of the first—with the exception of food and 'napkins under their plates.' Really I almost forgot to eat in watching the dainty ways of those boys. I said to the 'baby,' who insisted on spreading his bread and butter, and then ate of it so deliberately, 'Aren't you afraid we will eat all the good things up?'

'O no,' he said sweetly. 'I always eat slow: mamma says it's only pigs that eat fast.'

When next I saw the mother of those model boys, I said 'You alone seem to possess the secret of training children in perfect table manners.' Then I frankly told her of the trials I had had with the children of 'society' people, and what a glad surprise her well trained little ones were to me. Then I laughingly told her that it was her duty to take her children around the country and exhibit them, and tell other mothers her method.

'Well,' said the mother, 'it was not born in them I assure you, but I will tell you how I managed with them, and then you may use my experience as you like.

'My husband was very carefully reared in the old country, even if we are poor, and the table manners of the common people here, greatly distressed him; especially the children of my brother who often visited us after we were married. The way they crammed their food, and the muss they made, distressed him, so that I determined when my own little ones came they should be models of good behavior at the table, if no where else. But I had not undertaken an easy task. It was constantly "Don't eat so fast, and don't, don't don't!" In their eagerness to get their share they forgot all else.

'I nearly gave up in despair for a time. My boys, like all boys, longed to grow fast, be "men," so at last a happy thought struck me. I bought a "child's physiology," and read it to them, then I explained to them that their food was to make strong bodied "men" of them, but that in order to keep well and strong, their stomachs must only have their own work to do, and that their teeth must do their part faithfully. I made it clear to them how their food must be eaten slowly, and chewed well, so that the saliva might be able to mix with it. And that if they swallowed it in a hurry and did not let the saliva do its work, the stomach must do double duty, which would retard their health and growth, etc.

'Why, that book was worth its weight in gold to me. It did what years of careful training had not done. It taught them to eat slowly, and the rest was easy enough.'

'When they "forgot," I took them to my neighbor's pigpen, and drew a moral from the greedy pig, so that all the reminder the children needed was "pigs or gentlemen?"'

'Well, you see the result; it took time, and patience, but I tell you it is a comfort to think I can trust them anywhere now.'

Mothers, is her plan not worth trying?—*Christian at Work.*

SMALL COMFORTS.

Does it appear wise to despise the small solace and refreshments of life when they come naturally in our way? Is it not better judgment to accept whatever of cheer may be legitimately ours? While there is so much suffering in life which we have to bear, and which it is right we should endure uncomplainingly, it seems as if we might go further than this. We may say we ought to take special pains to cultivate a habit of finding delight and satisfaction in little pleasantnesses, and to contrive ways of giving ourselves ease in little things. The warmth of a room, the rest of a footstool, the help of some invention for doing a piece of work, are right to take and wise to plan for and take pains to secure.

So, looking to her season's comfort as well as her season's edification, the prudent housewife will see that hooks and shelves are in easy, handy positions, and in plentiful number. She will see that drawers pull out without sticking, and that windows may be raised and lowered without straining her muscles. She will insist that her shutters shut tightly without too great effort, and stay open without slamming. Her utensils for all sorts of work will be of the best kind, abundant, and in convenient spots for instant use.

And this same prudent housewife will think of little methods of helping herself and giving occasional rest to her body, and thereby quietness to her soul. She will keep a memorandum sheet, with its lists of wants for kitchen, dining-room, sewing-room, and parlor. She has places for everything, because by so doing she knows just where to find them without spending time in the search. She takes time to enjoy every trifling gratification that comes in her path. Her creed teaches her that the pleasant things of life were put there for this purpose, and that she is unthankful who turns persistently away from the lovely every-day small pleasures God has scattered so profusely along the road.

STITCHES IN TIME.

There is so much need of saving every moment possible for the 'better things' that come into a life when one belongs to the army of housekeepers that I risk the chance of repeating what you have heard before, in jotting down a few suggestions from my own limited experience.

A wringer can have every particle of color removed from its rubber rollers, by the simple means of coal oil. Wash with a small cloth dipped in coal oil, then with soap-suds.

The whisk broom is available in many ways. A small one makes a clothes-sprinkler. I used one in cleaning the woodwork in my large rooms. There were many crevices cut in bases and in panelling under the window-seats; and with clear cold water and a whisk I made them clean in a remarkably short time; and, though warned that I would ruin the graining I found the paint entirely uninjured by the process. I sweep the walls and ceilings, and the stairs with a whisk. I also clean wooden or tin utensils that need scouring, (particularly a hideous square churn invented by some evil genius) with a stiff whisk. I apply paste to wall-paper with a whisk, and stroke it down on the walls with another with long soft bristles. I keep one always on the stove shelf to keep my cooking stove clean.

I find it saves time to make memoranda of various kinds, and in my kitchen have a hook to hold a list of rainy-day jobs, odd jobs for leisure minutes for the farm-men, work for the domestic, work for myself. If callers are announced and I leave my machine-work, I have only to look over my list, and am instantly reminded of a little trifle that can be accomplished while I chat with my guest. I firmly believe it to be an infringement on our privileges to maintain the current belief that a hostess' hand must be idle in order to 'do the polite' to her guest. Many precious minutes can be saved in this way, and the guest will not fail, if she be of average intelligence to appreciate the motive. If she be not of that class, certainly it is not worth one's while to spend a single moment idly for her sake.

If there is a box for old silks and ribbons, one for lining materials, and others for various articles, time is saved in bringing to light all the different things needed in making or repairing. I find much repairing can be done on the machine, and surely if time is precious, the gain in beauty to a pair of patched overalls or knit drawers, isn't worth spending an unnecessary half hour. Rip the seam on both sides of the leg of the overalls, cut out the worn knee, set in a new piece, sew up the seams, and the tedious work is quickly done, without touching any needle save the one in the machine. Patches on knit goods should be held firmly, stretching as one sews, and with the tension rather loose, so that shrinkage will not draw the patch. Hose cut over for children, I was taught to make by hand, and a preciously dull task it was to me. I now make them on the machine, using a short stitch and loose tension, stretching the seam as I sew. They do not rip either. If an inventor would show us how to sew on buttons, my life would doubtless be prolonged to a good old age.

I consider it my duty not to let pen and brush lie idle, not to drop my reading, to the end that by-and-by the babies of to-day will not be the women of to-morrow whose speech I cannot understand, because, while they moved on, I lingered behind to do in the old way what costs me the loss of their companionship in the life they are forced through their school-training to live.—*E. M. G. H.*

HINTS ON LAUNDRY-WORK.

'Every laundress fancies she has her own best way of doing things,' said a veteran housekeeper; 'but during a long life of experiment I have learned a few easy ways of doing things, and, unless my laundress is hopelessly set in her way, I can generally give her some advice that will be of a good deal of use to her.

'In the first place, I have learned that it saves work and clothes and time and trouble to put my washing to soak the evening or the day before. It is but little work in the morning to prepare a quantity of hot water for this purpose. I melt a bar of soap and add about a pint of naphtha to it and a gallon of water. These are thoroughly beaten, and with this all the soiled portions of the clothes are rubbed. The pieces are then rolled tightly and packed into the tub until all are gone over. The towels, especially those used about the kitchen or those that are much soiled, are put into a separate basin, after having been saturated with this preparation. I fill the tub up with water as warm as the hands can be borne in it, cover it with a thick cloth and let it stand until the next day. It rarely occupies me more than half an hour to do this preliminary work. Next morning, the least-soiled pieces are rubbed out with very little labor and thrown into a suds as hot as can be handled. They are then washed lightly through and put into a boiler of boiling water in which a pint of the same preparation as that used for soaking the clothes has been put. I never leave them in the boil over a minute, but the water must be not merely scalding but boiling. They are then taken out and thoroughly rinsed in two waters and wrung as little as possible and put upon the line. I have found it desirable to have a piece of white oilcloth in the bottom of my clothes-baskets to prevent the water from the clothes running through, as they are dripping sometimes when hung out. I find that they are much whiter and have that delightful odor of cleanliness which is the most exquisite of all perfumes. I think that long boiling makes clothes yellow, and certainly it does not remove spots or stains. It is well worth while if one can do so, to put clothes on the grass in the spring. It clears them out and seems to freshen them up for the whole season.

'Washing is by no means as hard work as many people think it, always provided that one brings brains as well as hands into the labor.'—*New York Ledger.*

POTS AND PANS.

When you are furnishing your pantry bear in mind that it is sometimes poor economy to save money. Be a little lavish in pots and pans, bowls and spoons. Your strength is your capital. Do not squander it by doing without what you need in the way of utensils, or wear yourself out washing them again and again in the course of one morning's work because you have an o'er-scant supply of necessary vessels.

There are plenty of homes where the abundant food served on handsome china is prepared by the cook with the greatest difficulty because of insufficient utensils. A visit to such kitchens would reveal makeshifts that are usually associated with poverty. Cake and puddings mixed in soup-tureen or vegetable dish in default of regular mixing-bowls, bread set to rise in a dish-pan for lack of a bread-bowl, left-overs set away in the handsome china dishes in which they came from the table because there are not kitchen plates and cups to hold them, worn-out chopping-bowls, leaky measuring-cups, dented and dingy tins, and a general 'down-at-heel' condition of affairs.

This is not always the fault of the mistress. Often it happens that she has provided all the essentials and the carelessness of her servants has brought about the dearth and disorder. Unless she goes into the kitchen regularly, and looks well to the ways of her pantries, she must expect that loss and breakage will pass unreported. The woman who does more or less of her own cooking will be spared this annoyance, at least.

The best ware for pots and pans is usually of agate, although it is difficult to find a make that will not crack or scale. The blue porcelain-lined vessels are always pretty and clean-looking. Of these or the agate should be the double boilers, the double-bottomed saucepans, the frying-kettle, the pudding dishes, and sundry other equally useful vessels. Have an omelet-pan as well as a frying-pan, a waffle-iron as well as a griddle, muffin-tins as well as biscuit-bowls. And, above all, do not stint yourself in the matter of bowls. Have of big bowls one or two, of medium-sized bowls three or four, and of small bowls as many as your financial conscience will allow you to get. They are cheap, they take up little room, are easily kept clean, and are always useful, not only for mixing small quantities, for beating an egg or two, but for holding a spoonful of this or half a cupful of that remnant.

Be lavish also in spoons for mixing and for measuring, and in knives of various sizes for cutting meat and bread, for paring apples and potatoes. Have a split spoon for taking croquettes and fritters from the boiling fat, meat-forks, cake-turners, and a palette-knife for lifting and turning an omelet. Provide yourself with a board to cut the bread upon, with a paint-brush to grease cake-tins, with an iron-handled dish-cloth for cleaning pots and pans, with a long-handled mop, a vegetable-grater, a cheese-grater, a vegetable press, a gravy-strainer, a long-nosed pitcher for griddle-cake batter, and more than one egg-beater.—*Harper's Bazar.*

RECIPES.

CREAM SAUCE.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning, add one tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth; add one cup of milk and stir continually until it thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

TREACLE APPLE PIE.—This was a great favorite in our childhood days, and was always very popular. Make a crust as for an ordinary pie, but a little thicker. Fill a deep pie-dish very full with juicy sour apples; pour on a liberal supply of treacle, and cover, being careful to pinch the crust down very closely at the edges that none of the syrup may escape. Bake rather slowly; too rapid baking will make the juice boil out in the oven. When cold, eat with milk or cream.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

You see a photograph of a spider on her geometrical web (Fig. 38). If I had time I should like to tell you how the spider goes to work to make this beautiful structure, and a great deal about these wonderful creatures, but I must do no more

FIG. 38.

than show you that there are two kinds of web—those that point outwards, which are hard and smooth, and those that go round and round, which are very elastic, and which are covered with beads of a sticky liquid. Now there are in a good web over a quarter of a million of these beads which catch the flies for a spider's dinner. A spider makes a whole web in an hour, and generally has to make a new one every day. She would not be able to go round and stick all these in place, even if she knew how, because she would not have time. Instead of this she makes use of the way that a liquid cylinder breaks up into beads as follows. She spins a thread, and at the same time wets it with a sticky liquid, which of course is at first a cylinder. This cannot remain a cylinder, but breaks up into beads, as the photograph taken with a microscope from a real web beautifully shows (Fig. 39). You see the alternate large and small drops, and sometimes you even see extra small drops between these again. In order that you may see exactly how large these beads really are, I have placed alongside a scale of thousandths of an inch, which was photographed at the same time. To prove to you that this is what happens, I shall now show you a web that I have made myself by stroking a quartz fibre with a straw dipped in castor-oil. The same alternate-large and small beads are again visible just as perfect as they were in the spider's web. In fact it is impossible to distinguish between one of my beaded webs and a spider's by looking at them. And there is this additional similarity—my webs are just as good as a spider's for catching flies. You might say that a large cylinder of water in oil, or a microscopic cylinder on a thread, is not the same as an ordinary jet of water, and that you would like to see if it behaves as I have described. The next photograph (Fig. 40), taken by the light of an instantaneous electric spark, and magnified three and a quarter times, shows a fine column of water falling from a jet. You will now see that it is at first a cylinder, that as it goes down necks and bulges begin to form, and at last beads separate, and you can see the little drops as well. The beads also vibrate, becoming alternately long and wide, and there can be no doubt that the sparkling portion of a jet, though it appears continuous, is really made up of beads which pass so rapidly before the eye that it is impossible to follow them. (I should explain that for a reason which will appear later, I made a loud note by whistling into a key at the time that this photograph was taken.)

FIG 39.

Lord Rayleigh has shown that in a stream of water one twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, necks impressed upon the stream, even though imperceptible, develop a thousandfold in depth every fortieth of a second, and thus it is not difficult to understand that in such a stream the water is already broken through before it has fallen many inches. He has also shown that free water drops vibrate at a rate which may be found as follows. A drop two inches in diameter makes one complete vibration in one second. If the diameter is reduced to one quarter of its amount, the time of vibration will be reduced to one-eighth, or if the diameter is reduced to one-hundredth, the time will be reduced to one-thousandth, and so on. The same relation between the diameter and the time of breaking up applies also to cylinders. We can at once see how fast a bead of water the size of one of those in the spider's web would vibrate if pulled out of shape, and let go suddenly. If we take the diameter as being one eight-hundredth of an inch, and it is really even finer, then the bead would have a diameter of one sixteen-hundredth of a two-inch bead, which makes one vibration in one second. It will therefore vibrate sixty-four thousand times as fast, or sixty-four thousand times a second. Water-drops the size of the little beads, with a diameter of rather less than one three-thousandth of an inch, would vibrate half a million times a second, under the sole influence of the feebly elastic skin of water! We thus see how powerful is the influence of the feebly elastic water-skin on drops of water that are sufficiently small.

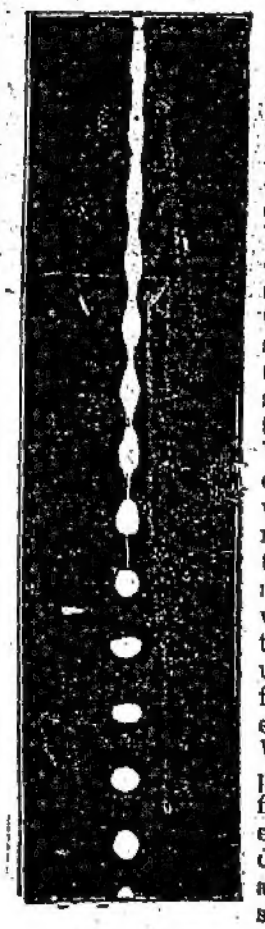


FIG. 40.

I shall now cause a small fountain to play, and shall allow the water as it falls to patter upon a sheet of paper. You can see both the fountain itself and its shadow upon the screen. You will notice that the water comes out of the nozzle as a smooth cylinder, that it presently begins to glitter, and that the separate drops scatter over a great space (Fig. 41). Now why should the drops scatter? All the water comes out of the jet at the same rate and starts in the same direction, and yet after a short way the separate drops by no means follow the same drops. Now instead of explaining this, and then showing experiments to test the truth of the explanation, I shall reverse the usual order, and show one or two experiments first, which I think you will all agree are so like magic, so wonderful are they and yet so simple, that if they had been performed a few hundred years ago, the rash person who showed them might have run a serious risk of being burnt alive.

You now see the water of the jet scattering in all directions, and you hear it making a pattering sound on the paper on which it falls. I take out of my pocket a stick of sealing-wax and instantly all is changed, even though I am some way off and can touch nothing. The water ceases to scatter; it travels in one continuous line (Fig. 42), and falls upon the paper making a loud rattling noise which must remind you of the rain of a thunder-storm. I come a little nearer to the fountain and the water scatters again, but this time in quite a different way. The falling drops are much larger than they were before. Directly I hide the sealing-wax the jet of water recovers its old appearance, and as soon as the sealing-wax is taken out it travels in a single line again.

Now instead of the sealing-wax I shall

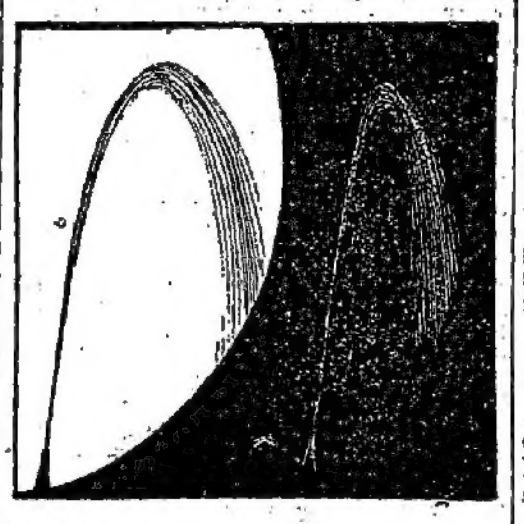


Fig. 41.

take a smoky flame easily made by dipping some cotton-wool on the end of a stick into benzine, and lighting it. As long as the flame is held away from the fountain it produces no effect, but the instant that I bring it near so that the water passes through the flame, the fountain ceases to scatter; it all runs in one line and falls in a dirty black stream upon the paper. Ever so little oil fed into the jet from a tube as fine as a hair does exactly the same thing.

I shall now set a tuning-fork sounding at the other side of the table. The fountain has not altered in appearance. I now touch the stand of the tuning-fork with a long stick which rests against the nozzle.

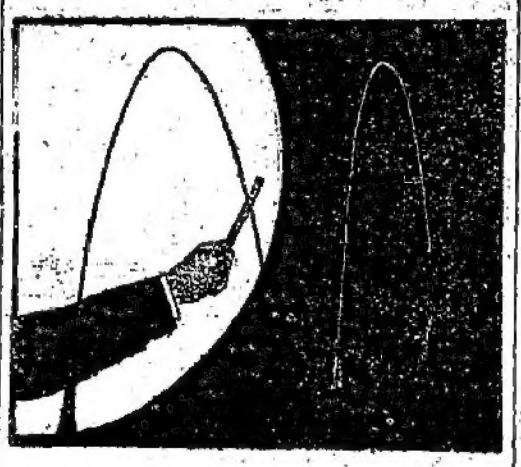


FIG. 42.

Again the water gathers itself together even more perfectly than before, and the paper upon which it falls is humming out a note which is the same as that produced by the tuning-fork. If I alter the rate at which the water flows you will see that the appearance is changed again, but it is never like a jet which is not acted upon by a musical sound. Sometimes the fountain breaks up into two or three and sometimes many more distinct lines, as though it came out of as many tubes of different sizes and pointing in slightly different

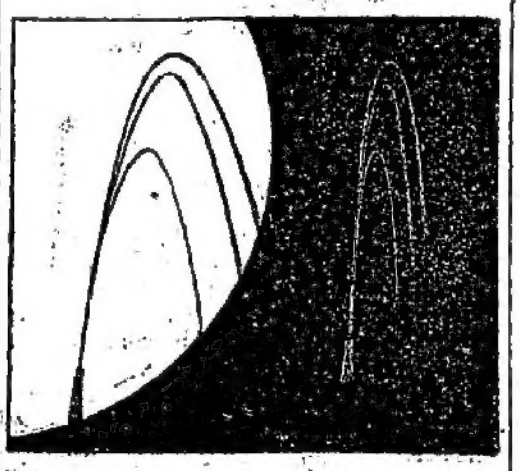


FIG. 43.

directions (Fig. 43). The effect of different notes could be very easily shown if any one were to sing to the piece of wood by which the jet is held. I can make noises of different pitches, which for this purpose are perhaps better than musical notes, and you can see that with every new noise the fountain puts on a different appearance. You may well wonder how these trifling influences—sealing-wax, the smoky flame, or the more or less musical noise—should produce this mysterious result, but the explanation is not so difficult as you might expect.

I hope to make this clear when we meet again.

(To be Continued.)

HOW BABY WENT HOME.

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

The door of Henning's saloon was pushed open by a little hand, and a child ran in, looking eagerly about. 'Papa, papa! Where's my papa?' she cried.

A man standing at the counter with a glass raised half way to his lips started at sound of the plaintive voice, and set down the untasted beer.

'What do you want, Bessie?' he asked.

'O papa, come home!' she exclaimed; 'baby's dying!'

'Baby's dying!' he repeated, mechanically, snatching up his hat, and taking the hand of the trembling child, they left the saloon together.

Down the street they went, the father and the child; he with bared head and lip trembling with emotion, she clinging to his hand, and sobbing out her grief in a helpless, hopeless manner.

They stopped at a tenement house and ascended the stairs, till they reached the fourth story, where they paused at room No. 86. On a wretched bed, covered by a ragged quilt, lay the tiny form of 'baby,' so still, so white, so pure, in the midst of the surrounding dirt and distress.

One glance, and a loud, agonized groan burst from the father's lips. 'My God! is our little darling to leave us?'

'O George!' sobbed his wife, creeping to his side, and laying her hand timidly on his shoulder. 'She called for "papa" right up to a few minutes ago. Our little baby will soon be with the angels.'

Reverently the husband and wife knelt beside the little form. The father took one tiny white hand in his large brown one. The mother took the other little hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

'George,' sobbed the mother, 'God is going to take our darling. Don't you think that—to be—the parents—of a baby angel—that we ought—to be good.'

'Yes, Mary, I do, and from this time on, God helping me, I intend to be a different man.'

'Amen!' exclaimed Mary.

The baby stirred just then and smiled into the faces of her parents.

'All yight, papa,' she murmured, then closed her eyes forever. Baby had fulfilled her mission.—*Ram's Horn.*

HOW HE WAKENED GRANDMOTHER.

Mamma said, 'Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea'
I knew I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along tip toe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother, fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call:
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there
Lying back in her high-arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile
That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise;
I know she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she had told me so.
I went up close and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:

'Grandma, dear, it's time for tea.'
She opened her eyes, and looked at me,
And said, 'Why, pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face—
She pointed right on the very place.
I never told her 'twas only me,
I took her hand; and we went to tea.

—*Sidney Dayre.*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The command of the troops at Aldershot is bestowed on his Royal Highness General the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G. None of our princes, the sons of her Majesty the Queen and of the Prince Consort, has led a life of indolence. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, in the Royal Navy, and Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, in the Army, have gone through as much professional study and active service as most officers of equal age; they have shown competent ability, skill, and judgment for the ordinary functions of posts of the highest rank. It is not one in a hundred officers who will ever be called upon, in time of war, to prove himhimself a commander of rare genius; and to keep up the general standard of naval and military efficiency is a task of more constant diligence, without which our great war establishments would not, in case of need, save the interests of the nation. The two Princes can, and do, as well as other Admirals and Generals, aid this continuous work by their personal labors. The Duke of Connaught, who is forty-three years of age, has been in the Army since June 1868, after cadet instruction in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Having rapidly made acquaintance, as a subaltern, with the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, and the Rifle Brigade of Infantry, he joined the 7th Hussars, becoming a Captain in April 1874, and Major in August 1875. Three years afterwards, being colonel of the Rifle Brigade, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882, under Lord Wolseley, his Royal Highness commanded the first brigade, and had his first actual experience of war. He went next year to India, and held command of a division of the forces in Bengal. During four years, 1886, to 1890, as Commander-in-Chief of the army in the Bombay Presidency, his talents for military administration were conspicuously proved. Since that period, the Duke of Connaught has been in command of the Southern Military District of England. Residing at Bagshot Park, with the Duchess, third daughter of a great German soldier, the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, one of the heroes of the great European wars of 1866 and 1870. The Duke has been blessed with three children, a son and two daughters; the eldest, Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert, is now in his eleventh year.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BY MARY HUMPHREY.

'We had better not discuss it, dear, since it is one of the comparatively few questions upon which we are not likely ever to agree,' and with a very patient, superior sort of a smile the Rev. Arthur Hallam stretched his slippered feet upon the warm hearth, and took another sip of his smoking toddy.

'I know you can take it or let it alone,' pursued his wife, 'and as long as you do not offer it to our boy I shall not complain. But oh, I should like to see it banished from the table of the Lord!—it is "the cup of devils" to me, and it cannot be right to use it at that sacred feast.'

'That is not for you or me to judge,' he returned, loftily. 'We must observe the holy ordinance according to its institution. We have sufficient evidence in the Epistles to the Corinthians to show that the wine made use of by them was calculated to intoxicate if taken to excess.'

'But that is a question upon which there is so much difference of opinion, how can anyone be sure? I have been told by Mrs. Jacobs, who for so many years, before her conversion to Christianity, kept the Jewish Passover in her father's house, that all fermented liquors, as well as leavened breads, were banished from the Feast. How then could the cup used by our blessed Lord at the Passover Supper have contained anything of an intoxicating character?'

'That is a debatable point, and one upon which the Jews themselves disagree.'

'Well, then, let me plead this verse, Arthur,' and, her white hands guiding the fluttering leaves, Mrs. Hallam turned to the twenty-first verse of the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and read, with a tremor of intense feeling in her quiet voice: 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.'

'Well,' he said, removing his cigar for a moment, and puffing a tiny wreath of smoke upon the perfumed air—for the reverend gentleman was a moderate smoker, too,—smoking and drinking, it is said, go hand in hand.

'What can be clearer?' said his wife, raising her anxious eyes to his calm immovable face. 'Let us have the pure juice of the grape and be on the safe side.

'I invite no stumblers to join me at my fireside, nor do I desire to see them at the Holy Table.

'But, Arthur, there are Christian men to whom the smell and taste of liquor is a terrible temptation.'

'Phaw! Such namby-pamby Christianity as that had better die out and be done with it.'

'Mrs. Hallam bent low above her sewing, to hide the tears of disappointment gathering in her full, blue eyes. So

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND FAMILY.

swiftly down her cheeks they coursed, however, that she rose and folded her work, and stole softly up the staircase, thinking sorrowfully as she went of the 'weak brother for whom Christ died.'

'What came over you, Mary, to stir up that old total abstinence question again?' Mr. Hallam asked, lightly, as they prepared for rest some three or four hours later.

'O just a little talk I had with Mrs. Sorley. She says her John is quite himself again—hasn't tasted liquor for four weeks, and she is so happy over it.'

'Yes, yes; that's all right for a fellow like him who can't taste a drop without wanting a hogshead.'

'But, Arthur, he's going to the communion table to-morrow.'

'The miserable sot! He is not fit.'

'But he is truly penitent.'

'Then let him show his penitence by his life.'

'As sure as he smells or tastes the wine he will be gone again, and his wife's heart will be broken.'

'Mary, you are a perfect fanatic. Please say no more, my dear, or I shall be exceedingly annoyed with you.'

And the patient wife was still.

Not many blocks away the object of her anxiety knelt with his wife and children in family prayer, pouring out his heart to God for help to lead a new and a better life.

'I have never presumed to think of kneeling at the blessed table again,' he said; 'but I feel, somehow, as if God had forgiven me, and as if I might dare to go.'

'"He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,"' quoted Susan Sorley, 'and O John, dear John, to think that we shall go there together once more. I am so happy!'

They broke into singing, together:

'Praise to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days,'

and the four walls of their lowly abode gladly gave back the echo, and the children, unreproved, began a joyous shouting, and sunshine fell again upon an all-but-shattered home.

Morning service saw them all in their places, poorly clad, but neat and whole.

How Mrs. Hallam longed to send the tempted man and his wife home with their children when the general congregation dispersed, and the communicants gathered together in the sacred memorial service.

In due time John and Susan Sorley passed up the aisle, and close behind them, her sympathetic heart wrung in an agony of prayer, moved the pastor's wife.

Alas! she was right. John Sorley tasted, and drained the cup to its dregs. Mr. Hallam's face took on a look of infinite disgust; his wife thrust her soft hand into that of the inebriate, with a gentle, sympathetic pressure; Susan Sorley bowed her head upon the altar rails with an exceeding bitter cry; John, afire through every particle of his alcoholized body, rose from his knees and strode like a madman from the church.

The children, scattered through the churchyard, awaited the conclusion of the service. Sorley rushed home, alone, through the house to the top most story, where, locking himself into an empty room, he flung the key into the branches of an elm forty feet away.

In sore distress, all day and through the long, long night, his wife and friends sought him. With a shudder he heard them plan to drag the pond. So still was he that his hiding-place was not suspected; none dreamed of his refuge in the unused attic. All day he lay, face downward, upon the bare boards, fighting out his desperate battle alone with God.

'My toddy, Mary, please,' said Mr. Hallam, 'I have had a most trying day. It is very sad about that poor wretch, of course, but really he is scarcely worth all the worry he has cost. Certainly his wife and family would be better without him.'

But the 'poor wretch' conquered, by the grace of God, and in the still morning, while the little birds called to their mates, he spoke his wife's name. The ear of love is keen; she was outside his door immediately. 'Susan,' he said, 'I am safe, I am here.'

'Thank God,' she said, and sank upon the floor, weeping.

Then the wind arose, with timely violence, and the faithful old elm delivered up the key of her master's prison, and husband and wife clung together with a grip as strong as their enduring love.

'Oh, John, such a night of agony!'

'Forgive me, long-suffering wife, but I dared not stir. I have been lying still in the hand of God, and he has kept me safe till the demon passed.'

Neither of them ever bowed again at the table of their Lord, and if, at times, their disregard of the command: 'This do in remembrance of Me,' caused them some unhappiness, they could but humbly plead, 'Lord, thou knowest all things,' and leave the case with him.

The day came when the Rev. Arthur Hallam distributed the elements with a shaking hand; when, instead of one glass of toddy, he needed two, and three, and four; then he realized, in his own bitter experience, the brotherhood of man.—*Union Signal.*

WE KNOW ALREADY.

The *Swatow Church News* tells a bright story of the 'casual' manner in which the Gospel finds its way from point to point in China. A Chinaman went on business to Shanghai from his native place in South China. In Shanghai he bought a copy of St. Luke's Gospel. On his way home he looked into it, liked it, and read it again. When he reached home his neighbors wished to hear his news from Shanghai. So he told them all he had met with and all he had seen, and finally he mentioned the book he had bought, and read a little of it to them. The next evening there were a number again wishing to hear his news, and he read a few more verses in Luke's book. This occurred several times, till there were a good many interested, and wishing to read the book for themselves. No other copies could be procured there, so they took the one volume which they had, and taking it to pieces leaf by leaf, made a good many copies of it, and gave each man a copy, and then every evening they met and read it. 'Afterwards a preacher came to the town, and preached the doctrine of the Lord Jesus in the streets and lanes; when, to his surprise, his hearers said to him: "What ye are preaching we already know, we have long worshipped Jesus and have ceased to worship the idols which we once worshipped." May not this volume of a book be compared to a seed which fell in good soil and brought forth fruit?'

THE WHITE FLAG OF PEACE AND SAFETY.

The wife of an old railway flagman was dying. She said to her husband "John, there will be a flag held out to-night, a flag in the hand of Jesus. It will not be a red flag, for there is no danger; it will not be a green one, for there is no doubt; but it will be a white one, for all is perfect safety and peace, and I am very nearly at my journey's end."

AUNT SUE'S CLUB.

KATE S. GATES.

There certainly never were three more forlorn-looking children than Mollie, Ted and Daisy Miller. They had come up to grandma's to spend the summer, while papa took mamma away for a good rest to see if she could not get well and strong again after her long sickness.

The children thought at first that it would be fine fun to go visiting alone like grown-up folks, without even sister Bertha to take care of them, for she had gone with mamma. But, alas! before they had been away from home twenty-four hours they were as homesick as could be!

'It will never be fall, never!' said Mollie, disconsolately.

'Well, I know one thing,' replied Ted, positively; 'if it ever is, and I get home again, I'll stay there, you see if I don't.'

'Oh, dear!' said Daisy, almost sobbing, 'it does seem as if I couldn't live all summer without seeing mamma and papa and Bertha.'

Grandma and Aunt Sue looked on in dismay.

'Something must be done,' said Aunt Sue the morning of the third day. The children had hardly eaten a mouthful of breakfast, and were sitting listlessly on the piazza, not even trying to amuse themselves.

'Something must be done at once,' she said, decidedly.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later she appeared on the piazza.

'I've been thinking,' she said as brightly as possible, 'that we might have a club this summer.'

The faces of the disconsolate trio brightened a little. A club might be interesting; it sounded grown up and important, anyway.

'When I was in the city last winter,' continued Aunt Sue, 'I was quite interested in two or three little clubs or societies in Uncle Will's Sunday-school. Some of them had ten members and some only five. Each club had some special work. I remember one class called themselves the 'Burden Bearers.' They each promised to help at least one person every day over some hard place. Then one class called themselves 'Tommy's Helpers,' because they were trying to earn enough to send a little lame boy named Tommy to a hospital where the doctor thought he could cure him. Wasn't it nice?'

'Splendid!' answered the three all together.

'Do you know of any lame boy we could get cured, and how could we earn the money?'

Aunt Sue thought away very hard and earnestly for a few minutes, then her face lighted up.

'I have it!' she exclaimed, delightedly. 'I know just the very thing for us to do. There is a Mrs. Mason who lives in the village and does sewing for people. She has a little blind girl eight years old. She cannot be cured, poor little thing, for she has lost both her eyes, and has nothing but glass eyes; but how nice it would be if we could help send her to a school for blind children, where she could learn to do so many things. I know her mother feels very badly because she cannot afford to send her. Why cannot we try and see what we can do?'

'O auntie, you are some like mamma; she is always thinking of nice things for us to do,' said Mollie. 'How can we earn the money?'

'That is the question. Now suppose we all put on our thinking caps to-day and report here after tea to-night.'

'I don't believe we could ever earn enough to do any good,' said Ted.

'We can't tell until we try,' replied Aunt Sue; 'and if we don't try, we certainly will not earn anything. Now you each see if you cannot think of something you can do.'

Aunt Sue went into the house then, leaving the children in eager consultation.

'I guess, as Aunt Martha used to say, I've undertook a great undertaking,' she said to grandma. 'Can you tell me how I can earn some money? We are going to send poor little Libbie Mason to the Blind Institute.'

Grandma looked up in speechless astonishment, and Aunt Sue laughed.

'It does sound big,' doesn't it? But you know you never can tell until you try how much you can do. It came to me like an inspiration to start. It is work for the Lord, I think, and somehow I feel sure that He will help it along.'

Out on the piazza the children were discussing ways and means with more enthusiasm than they had felt over anything since they came. First of all, they each shut their eyes and tried to imagine what it must be to live in the dark.

'Oh, dear!' cried Mollie, 'it must be dreadful! There! I'll tell you, Ted, I know what you can do. I've just thought. Grandpa said this morning he must see if he couldn't get John Burns to pick peas for him. He would just as soon pay you, I know.'

Ted hesitated a little; he did not like to work quite as well as he did to play.

'Twould be kind of hard work when it was hot,' he said.

'Well, it wouldn't be as hard as it is to be blind, would it?' cried Mollie indignantly. 'And mamma says boys mustn't be afraid to do hard things if they want to grow up good men like papa, always helping somebody.'

It was Ted's highest ambition to be just like papa. 'I'll do it,' he said decidedly, 'if grandpa will let me. Now what are you going to do?'

'I can't think. I'll have to ask grandma about me and Daisy, I guess. Let's go in and talk with her.'

They found her in the kitchen alone, shelling peas, but while they were helping her and talking the matter over, Aunt Sue came out with an odd little twinkle in her eyes.

'I've found my work, and some for you girls if you want. There is a lady here to see if we will take her and her two children to board. Now grandmother says I may have what I can make; and do you girls want to wash and wipe the dishes if I will pay you?'

It was Mollie's turn to look sober. She did so hate doing dishes. Why couldn't people ever do good without having to do the things they hated most? But then, how glad Libbie Mason would probably be to wash dishes if she could only see, and how much happier her life would be if she could learn to read and do other things! Mollie thought it all over a minute or two; she thought of mamma also, and that helped her to choke the selfish thoughts down.

'We'll do it, won't we, Daisy? But, auntie, do you really think we can earn enough to do much good?'

'Yes—if we have patience and perseverance,' was the brave reply.

Such a busy summer as it was! Grandpa found work enough to keep Ted busy three or four hours every day, and the dishes never failed, rain or shine, to be on hand to be washed three times a day. Sometimes when it was very hot Mollie and Daisy groaned a little in spirit as they put on their big aprons and saw the kitchen table full of dirty dishes. But Aunt Sue was always ready to cheer them up.

'It is the keeping at it that wins, girlies,' she would say, brightly. 'Almost any one will do one little act of kindness, but lots of things fail because they need a long, steady pull, and people get discouraged and give up. It would be too bad for Libbie to miss her chance because we couldn't persevere, wouldn't it?'

Sometimes Ted thought his back ached so hard that he could not weed, or he wanted to go fishing with the boys just when grandpa had some work to be done.

'If mamma only did things for you when it was perfectly easy and agreeable, you would not think much of her love, would you?' asked Aunt Sue one day.

''Course not,' replied Ted, promptly.

'Then don't you think God is more pleased with what we do when it is hard to do it?'

Ted did not answer this question, but after that, when it was hard to put himself to work, he just thought to himself that, if he persevered, God would know he did really and truly want to be good and please Him.

It was not all hard work, however. They had club meetings once a week, that Aunt Sue took pains to have very enjoyable affairs. Ted was president by virtue of his sex, Mollie secretary, and Daisy treasurer. Aunt Sue was business manager, she said.

By and by Mrs. Ames, the boarder, found out about it, and then she and her two children wanted to join, and they got up a little fair, with ice-cream and cake on the lawn.

But before they hardly realized it September came, and mamma was home well and strong and anxious for the children to come.

They had a last meeting, and, do you know, they found that they had fifty dollars in all! Even Aunt Sue was a little surprised, and Ted was simply overcome.

'I didn't suppose when we began that we would get ten,' he said. 'But she can't learn very much even on this.'

'No,' replied Aunt Sue; 'but suppose we all keep it up? I will have another club here. Bertha will help you have one at home, I know, and Mrs. Ames says she will assist Roy and Nellie in forming one at their home. Shall we all keep on?'

'Yes, ma'am!' was the hearty, unanimous vote.

'I'll tell you,' said Ted confidentially to his mother when he got home, ''twas hard work sometimes, and I almost gave up two or three times; but I did try real hard, cause, you see, I asked God to make you well, and I wanted to do something to show Him I thanked Him.'

'It helped ever so much, somehow,' said Mollie. 'I wanted you just as bad, but still I did not mind it so much after we got interested in that. We didn't any of us feel so dreadful, though we wanted you all the time just the same. Aunt Sue says that when you feel bad about anything the best thing you can do is to go and do something for some one else, and that will help you; and I guess it does.'

'And Mrs. Mason cried when she kissed us, and told us to tell our mother that we had made the poor little blind girl's mother happier than she ever expected to be again,' said Daisy.

'And I was glad then that I kept on wiping dishes even when it was hot and there were so many.'

'So am I,' said mamma, tenderly; 'and remember, my dears, that, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."'—*Zion's Herald.*

A GIFT FOR YOU.

MARK GUY PEARSE.

I heard a good story the other day of a poor old woman in Scotland whose son had gone abroad, and got on well. He wrote to the widowed mother to tell her with great joy that now she need not trouble any more, that as long as she lived he would send her the money for her rent. She was overjoyed, and carefully put his letters in an old broken teapot on the dresser; and almost every night she took them out and read them with eyes filled with tears of joy. But day after day the time drew nearer for the payment of the rent, and sweet as the words of her son were, still it took more than pleasant words to satisfy the landlord. At first she was angry with herself for the fears that whispered within her. Her son had promised and promised again in every letter he wrote. But what of the promises if the money did not come! At last the rent-day came. Surely the postman to-day would bring the money. It was just like her son to calculate so exactly and to send it just when it was due. No! the postman went his way, and there was nothing for her. The old soul tried to keep up; there was some delay somewhere, but it was all right, to-morrow would explain it all, and the landlord could wait till to-morrow. But alas! many to-morrows went by, and at last the landlord could wait no longer. The money must be paid—or she must go.

Once more she put on her spectacles and went through the letters. There it was as plain as plain could be. What could it mean? Oh, if he only knew that to-morrow her little all would be sold for rent!

Now it chanced that a friend, hearing of her trouble, came in to see her.

'I thought your son promised to pay the rent?' said the friend.

'He did!' said the old lady, shaking her head very mournfully, 'he did; and I can't think why he isn't as good as his word.'

'Will you let me see the letters?' said the friend.

'Yes,' said the old woman, and she took down the broken teapot from the dresser and fetched them out.

The friend read them through. 'Was there nothing in this letter?'

'Yes,' said the old woman; 'there was a strip of paper; some advertisement or something, but no money.'

'Where is it?' urged the friend. There it was in the depths of the teapot. 'Why, it is a post-office order!' said the friend; more than enough to pay the rent.'

Away they went to the post-office. There was some difficulty at first. The time had passed, but after a while the matter was explained. The order was cashed; and the old soul's trouble was at an end.

These texts of Scripture are not sweet words only to be read and treasured; they are blessed promises that we are to claim, to turn to account, to have for ourselves and for our own now and here. Take the word and claim its fulfilment right boldly. 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast;'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live;'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright;'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

—*Christian Advocate.*

RICH TOWARD GOD.

The Rev. R. Wright Hey says: 'I have an instructive case in my mind of a student, a Hindoo, who, mainly through a very thorough study of the New Testament, became a Christian. At length he told me that the Spirit had flashed conviction upon his mind and heart, that the truth as it is in Jesus had thus been effectually presented to him, and that he had received Christ as his Saviour. After our conversation he said, "Now, I want to be baptized." I said, "Do you know what that means?" "Yes," he answered. "I have carefully thought over what it means for me," and he told me some of the things that it would mean. "But," said he, "the Master's command is plain, and I wish to obey Him without delay." Between ten and eleven at night we baptized him, the urgency of his purpose being such that I could not assume the responsibility of deferring his baptism to the following day. After his baptism he went home. From his home he wrote of the entreaties and the pressure brought to bear upon him by his relatives to bring him back into Hinduism. He described how, moved by their tears and their appeals, he retired to pray, asking for Divine guidance, and how in reply to his inquiry of God whether he should do as his friends desired, he received the clear answer, "No, follow Me." He was convinced that his friends must be forsaken, if need be, and that he must be prepared for any persecution, and be willing to be crushed for His sake Who had died for him. He was soon after driven from the home, and when he came back to me at Dacca I was moved to adore the power of grace as I listened to his tale. I knew well enough what it meant, though not as he knew it, and in deepest sympathy with him in his season of keen loss and trial, I asked him, "How do you feel about it all?" His reply was, "Rich towards God." You see how the Word he had been studying so carefully had become a living fact in his life, and that there was now blessed fellowship with Him who "though He was rich yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." The Gospel and the Cross of Christ had done their work. For the sake of Christ he was ready to suffer the loss of all. As he stood before me he had no home, no sheltering roof, no food—except such as Christian fellowship might provide—no mother, all was wreck and ruin, and yet there was true wealth. the wealth that the Gospel gives, "the unsearchable riches of Christ."'

DINNA YE HEAR IT.

When the garrison at Lucknow was beleaguered in that awful enclosure, with famine threatening them within, and the Sepoys waiting without, for carnage and outrage, the last hope of the garrison was the coming of Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell with reinforcements. And yet they came not. As the days and the weeks went by, the supplies diminished, the heat increased, the cannonade grew fiercer, and the rebels more defiant, until at last, it seemed that they must surrender.

One morning, a Scotch lassie listening with her well-trained ear, thought she heard in the distance the sound of the Highland pipes. She cried out: 'They're coming! They're coming! Dinna ye hear it? It's the pibroch and the slogan!' Nobody else could hear it, but her ear was not mistaken, and ere long they knew that the Highlanders were marching on Lucknow, and that help at last had come.

It was a thrilling sight to look at those old Residency walls, a few months ago and read once more the story of those heroic days, and think how that message of help had power to save the beautiful city of Lucknow, and the lives of those women and children from horrors worse than death.

But there is a better message of help for sinking souls. Over the waste of life's wreck-strewn sea, over the years that have been lost and cursed, there comes the sweet-voiced message not only of forgiveness for the past, but of power to save to the uttermost, and keep from sin and Satan, the most crushed and hopeless lives. Oh, can't you hear it?

Like the music of heaven, to some of you, like the memory of cradle songs and childhood hymns, 'He is able to save to the uttermost.' 'I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments and do them.' He is able to keep us from stumbling, and to present us faultless before His presence with exceeding joy. It is glad tidings for helpless hearts, for ruined lives, for wills that have lost their strength, and lives that have been bound by the chains of habit in the bondage of Satan and despair. Yes, even if your body be wrecked with disease and sin, the power that saved Augustine from the effects of a dissolute youth and gave him both holiness and health, with sixty years of glorious service, can rescue you, restore you, and enable you to recover all the years that the locusts have eaten.—*Rev. A. B. Simpson.*

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

There is never a road in Morocco in any place whatsoever. There are goat-tracks that have been widened and deepened by the caravans, and one is at liberty to ford the rivers where he likes. . . . You scarcely ever see a tree; but, as if to atone for this, there are the grand tranquil lines of the virgin landscape, unbroken by roads, houses, or fences. . . . We are about to change from one territory to another, and all the men of the tribe we are approaching are under arms, their chief at their head, to receive us. Perched on their lean little horses, on their high-peaked saddles that are almost like easy chairs, they look like so many old women shrouded in long white veils, or like old black-faced dolls, or mummies. . . . . We draw near, and quickly, at a word of command given in hoarse tones, the whole army scatters like a swarm of bees, horses curveting, arms jingling, men shouting. Under the spur, their steads rear, leap, gallop like frightened gazelles, mane and tail flying in the wind, clearing rocks and great stones at a bound. The old dolls have been restored to life; they, too, have become superb; they are metamorphosed into tall, active men, with keen faces, standing erect in their great silver-plated stirrups. The white bournouses fly open, and stream behind them in the wind with the most exquisite grace, revealing beneath robes of red, orange, and green cloth, and saddles with housings of pink, yellow, and blue silk embroidered with gold. And the fine symmetrical arms of the men, of the color of light bronze, emerge from the wide sleeves, brandishing in the air in their headlong course the heavy bronze muskets, which in their hands seem no heavier than reeds. It is a first welcoming fantasia (exhibition of Arab hard-riding) given in our honor. . . . Men pass us with the speed of a flash, standing erect upon their saddles, or standing on their heads with their legs waving in the air; two horsemen make for each other on a mad gallop, and, as they meet, without drawing rein or coming into collision, exchange muskets, and give each other a kiss. An old grey-bearded chief proudly calls our attention to a squad of twelve horsemen who charge down on us abreast—and such handsome fellows as they are! They are his twelve sons.—'Into Morocco.'—*From the French of Pierre Loti.*

HOW THE CHINESE GIVE.

At one time the English mail brought to a North China Mission Station the news that the succeeding week was to be observed as self-denial week in England by the churches connected with the London Missionary Society. The missionaries decided to keep it themselves, but were somewhat doubtful as to whether they ought to ask the Chinese Christians to unite with them. As in our Lord's time, the majority of the converts belong to the poorest of the people. At that time also they were in specially straitened circumstances, since a year of flood had destroyed their crops, and in many cases their homes. Nevertheless the news leaked out, and the idea was taken up by the Chinese Christians with enthusiasm.

On the Sunday succeeding self-denial week, the offerings were brought with glad faces. There was hardly a single person who did not bring something, many had taken hot water instead of tea throughout the week; some had dispensed with tobacco, which a Chinaman considers almost a necessary of life. The little pig-tailed boys and the bright-eyed girls with great delight brought their small piles of copper 'cash,' of which it requires more than twenty to make a penny of English money. One young girl belonging to a poor family had been doing extra sewing after her weary day's work was over in order that she might bring fifty 'cash.'

One poor old widow with tears in her eyes because it was not more, laid down a single 'cash.' Another Christian widow, who was often in need of daily bread, had been in great distress because she had nothing to give. She made it a matter of special prayer. On the very day on which the special offerings were to be made, her son, from a long distance, came to visit her, and gave her a present of five hundred 'cash.' It was a very large sum in her eyes, but she brought it all wrapped up in a handkerchief, saying, 'I am so glad to have it to offer to the Lord as my thanksgiving gift for all his goodness to me, so that others may hear of his love as well.' Surely these offerings were accepted by the Lord, who sits as of old by the treasury. He looks not so much to what we give as to what we have left when the offering has been made.

LEISURE HOURS.

The world is full of illustrations of those who by a right use of their leisure have come to high positions in the church and the world. There are thousands of real heroes known only to God, whose lives are written imperishably above. Let me speak of one such. He is a young man whom I know intimately. He lives in a home of poverty. His father is an intense sufferer, and has been helpless and blind for years. The mother is also a partial invalid; and the son oftimes has to be the nurse for both. He has had little chance for an education, and physically is far from strong. Without a murmur he cares for the duties of home, and earns the family bread. But he is always at one prayer meeting a week, is always in the Sunday-school class with a lesson that has been faithfully studied, and is pursuing a broad course of reading. Against tremendous odds he is making a magnificent struggle at every point towards the best things, and puts to shame the tens of thousands of young men who are trifling with life. We sometimes hear the young thoughtlessly tell of 'killing time,' as though it were an enemy. Time an enemy! Next to God's love as revealed in Christ and the Holy Spirit, and the divine Word, time is his greatest gift. The great risk is not that we shall misuse the hours that we spend at our regular labor, for custom and necessity will prevent that. Success or failure will be determined by the use we make of our leisure hours. Consecrate them to God, recognizing that they are a trust, till it shall become a habit never to waste golden moments.—*S. B. Capen, in Golden Rule.*

THE DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

Doesn't she look nice as she sits so quietly by the fire knitting? I daresay she is making a pair of warm mittens or socks for some dear little grandchild. It would be just like her to do it, for grandmothers are always doing some kind thing for somebody!

You have a grandmother, I dare say; are you always kind to her, I wonder, or are you cross and impatient, now that she is old, her face thin and wrinkled, and her eyes grown dim?

I am quite sure you wouldn't say, as I heard a boy once, 'O grandma, I wish you would hear. I'd rather be whipped than ask you a question!' Do you think that was kind when she could not help it? She would rather hear than not, and when she was young she could. Now if that boy lives to be old, he too may be deaf, and then he will remember how unkind he was, and be sorry when it is too late!

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLEDGE.

The *Golden Rule* recently asked for answers to the question 'What has the Christian Endeavor Pledge done for you?' From a large number of responses published we select a few showing the way in which the pledge has helped young people to be useful Christians.

'Before I took the pledge I did not attend the services of my church regularly, and now I am absent only when I have a reason which I can 'conscientiously give to my Lord and Saviour.'

'The pledge helped me, when I first hesitated to sign it, by showing me what kinds of excuses had sometimes kept me from attending church services and from doing certain Christian work.'

'Before taking this pledge it was as utterly impossible for me to participate in prayer meeting as if I had my lips securely locked, and had forgotten the combination. Now, thanks be to God, I deem it a pleasure to speak for him.'

'There is no act, however trivial, but comes under the sweet influence of 'I will strive to do whatever he would like to have me do.''

'Removed from my dear Christian Endeavor friends, and compelled to associate with men not one of whom is a Christian, the pledge has kept me true and close to my Saviour.'

'The pledge has brought me from simply a member of the church to a working Christian, and taught me that there is something for me to do besides getting; I must give.'

'My pledge has taught and helped me, as a teacher, to do persistent, prayerful, personal work among my boys and girls. One night, as we repeated our pledge at a consecration meeting, it came to me that this work was one of the 'whatevers' that he would like to have me do.''

'If I ever feel disposed to stay away from Sunday evening prayer meeting because the meetings are not interesting, or for some such cause, the condemning words, 'Unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master,' flash through my mind, and I go.'

'Since taking the pledge my own church is doubly dear to me; still, I can see more of Christlikeness in those whose beliefs differ from mine.'

'From the pledge I receive an impetus which enables me to teach a Sunday-school class, and take part in the weekly prayer meetings.

'The pledge has helped me to give systematically to missions, and to think less of self and more about my fellow-creatures.'

''What he would have me do,'—this is, it seems to me, the simplest, most accurate, and most satisfactory test of personal duty I have ever tried.'

'Surely, a transition, in a little over three years, from a bashful, timid boy to a Sunday-school superintendent, ought to convince the most sceptical that the pledge has done something for me.'

'The pledge has helped me to give up card-playing and the theatre. It has made me more conscientious, opened my eyes to see more of my opportunities, and has helped me to overcome my timidity of speaking in public. It has made me a more faithful Sunday-school worker.'

HAD HIS ORDERS.

'I've got my orders, positive orders, not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey,' said a youth who was being tempted to enter a gambling saloon.

'Come, don't be womanish; come along like a man,' shouted the youths.

'No, I can't break orders,' said John.

'What special orders have you got? Come show 'em to us if you can; show us your orders.' John took out a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulling out a neatly-folded paper, 'It is here,' he said, unfolding the paper and showing it to the boys. They looked, and one of them read aloud: 'Enter not into the paths of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.'

'Now,' said John, 'you see my orders forbid me going with you; they are God's orders, and by his help I don't mean to break them.'

MESSENGER BIBLE COMPETITION.

It is none too early to remind our Sunday School readers of the second quarter's competition. The results for the first quarter will soon be made known. Four prizes are again offered for the best sketch of the Bible history taken up by the International lessons from the first of April until the end of June, a first and second prize for those over twelve and under twenty-one, and a first and second for those of twelve and under.

The sketches must be written on paper the size of note, on one side of the paper only and must not contain more than five hundred words. The sheets must be numbered and fastened together at the left hand upper corner, and signed on the right hand upper corner of the first page with a fictitious name and the age of the writer. Enclose in sealed envelope should be the writer's full name and post office address. Do not fold or roll the MS while sending. Address all correspondence to

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WHO STEALS MY PURSE steals trash; 'tis some thing, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And leaves me poor indeed.
—*Shakespeare.*

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—AND—
'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

By a special arrangement with MR. WILLIAM EVANS, Montreal, one of the oldest and most reliable seed houses in Canada, we will forward post-paid to all subscribers to the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' these special collections at the prices named.

These collections are put up exclusively for the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' in separate packages, as indicated in each offer, and no package of seeds can be exchanged from one offer to another.

The seeds are all fresh, and are as represented on each package by Mr. Evans, and are not sold for less than the price marked, and are thoroughly tested as to climate and quality.

The vegetable seeds comprise the very best varieties suitable for any part of the Dominion.

The flower seeds in offer No. 3 form the very best varieties, comprising the showiest and best for cutting.

OFFER No. 1.

THE FARM GARDEN COLLECTION.

	Cts.
Beans, Golden Wax	10
Beans, Wardswell's Kidney Wax	10
Beet, Early Egyptian Blood	5
Cabbage, Extra Early Etampes	5
Cabbage, Fotler's Early Drumhead	5
Carrot, Early Long-Head Nantes	5
Carrot, Long Orange	5
Cucumber, Long Green	5
Corn, Sweet Early Cory	10
Corn, Sweet Evergreen	10
Lettuce, Gardener's Favorite	5
Melon, Evans's Superb	5
Nasturtium, Tall Mixed	5
Onion, Red Wethersfield	5
Onion, Silver Pickling	5
Peas, Extra Early, First and Best	10
Peas, Stratagem—Main Crop	10
Parsnips, Long Smooth	5
Parsley, Triple Curled	5
Radish, French Breakfast	5
Radish, Long Scarlet	5
Salsify, New Mammoth	5
Spinach, Large English	5
Squash, Turban	5
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	5
Tomato, Livingston's Perfection	5
Turnip, Early Strap Leaf	5
Turnip, Swede, Laing's Purple Top	5
Sage	5
Summer Savory	5
Total	**$1.80**

This Packet to 'Northern Messenger' Subscribers, 90c.

OFFER No. 2.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN COLLECTION.

	Cts.
Beans, Early Golden Wax	10
Beet, Early Blood Turnip	5
Cabbage, Extra Early Etampes	5
Carrot, Early Half-long Chantenay	5
Cucumber, Early Frame	5
Corn, Sweet, Crossby's Sugar	10
Lettuce, Royal White Summer	5
Melon, Nutmeg, Evans's Superb	10
Onion, Large Red Wethersfield	5
Parsnips, Hollow Crown	5
Parsley, Triple Curled	5
Peas, First and Best	10
Radish, Long Scarlet	5
Squash, Hubbard	5
Tomato, Acme	5
Turnip, Laing's Swede	5
Total	**$1.00**

This Packet to 'Northern Messenger' Subscribers, 50c.

OFFER No. 3.

THE FLOWER GARDEN COLLECTION.

	Cts.
Sweet Mignonette	5
Pansy, Large-flowered	10
Chrysanthemum, Double	10
Nasturtium, Dwarf Mixed	5
Candytuft, White Rocket	5
Love in a Mist	5
Chinese Pink	10
Gilia, Tricolors	5
China Aster, Truffaut's Best	10
Sweet Scabious Double	5
Silene Pendula Ruhra	5
Gaillardia, Double Mixed	5
Sweet Peas, Best Mixed	5
Phlox, Large flowered	10
Petunia, Finest Mixed	10
Perennial Sweet Pea, Scarlet	15
Total	**$1.20**

This Packet to 'Northern Messenger' Subscribers, 50c.

ADDRESS:

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office,
MONTREAL.